

# Rainbow's End

..A NOVEL..

BY REX BEACH

Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spotters" "Heart of the Sunset," etc.

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Lopez' attack proved a complete surprise, both to the citizens and to the garrison of the town. The rebel bugle gave the first warning of what was afoot, and before the Castilian troops who were loitering off duty could regain their quarters, before the citizens could take cover or the shopkeepers close and bar their heavy wooden shutters, two hundred ragged horsemen were yelling down the streets.

There followed a typical Cuban engagement—ten shots to one shot. There was a mad charge on the heels of the scurrying populace, a scattering pop-pop of rifles, cheers, cries, shrieks of defiance and far-flung insults directed at the fortins.

O'Reilly, with Branch and Jacket close at his heels, whirled his horse into the first bodega he came to. The store was stocked with general merchandise, but its owner, evidently a Spaniard, did not tarry to set a price upon any of it. As the three horsemen came clattering in at the front he went flying out at the rear, and although O'Reilly called reassuringly after him, his only answer was the slamming of a back door, followed by swiftly diminishing cries of fright.

There was no time to waste. Johnnie dismounted and, walking to the shelves where some imported canned goods were displayed, he began to select those delicacies for which he had been sent. The devoted Jacket was at



O'Reilly Whirled His Horse into the First Bodega.

his side. The little Cuban exercised no restraint; he seized whatever was most handy, meanwhile cursing ferociously, as befitted a bloodthirsty bandit. Boys are natural robbers, and at this opportunity for loot Jacket's soul flamed savagely and he swept the shelves bare as he went.

"Hey, Leslie! Get something to carry this stuff in," O'Reilly directed over his shoulder.

Spurred by O'Reilly's tone and by a lively rattle of rifle-shots outside, Leslie disappeared into the living-quarters at the back of the store. A moment later he emerged with a huge armful of bedclothes, evidently snatched at random. Trailing behind him, like a bridal veil, was a mosquito-net, which in his haste he had torn from its fastenings.

"I guess this is poor!" he exclaimed. "Bedding! Pillows! Mosquito-net! I'll sleep comfortable after this."

Dumping his burden of sheets, blankets, and brilliantly colored cotton quilts upon the floor, Branch selected two of the stoutest and began to knot the corners together.

He had scarcely finished when Judson reined in at the door and called to O'Reilly: "We've cleaned out the drug store. Better get a move on you, for we may have to run any minute. I've just heard about some Cuban prisoners in the calaboose. Gimme a hand and we'll let 'em out."

Sharing in the general consternation at the attack, the jail guards had disappeared, leaving Lopez free to break into the prison. When O'Reilly joined them the work was well under way. Seizing whatever implements they could find, Judson and O'Reilly went from cell to cell, battering, prying, smashing, leaving their comrades to rescue the inmates. While the Americans smashed lock after lock, their comrades dragged the astonished inmates from their kennels, hustled them into the street, and took them up behind their saddles.

The raid was over, "retreat" was sounding, when Judson and O'Reilly ran out of the prison, remounted, and joined their comrades, who were streaming back toward the plaza.

Colonel Lopez galloped up to inquire, anxiously, "Did you find those estates, eh?"

"Yes, sir, and a lot more."

"Good! But I failed. Pickles? Caramba! Nobody here ever heard of one?"

"Did we lose any men?" Judson asked.

"Not one. But Ramos was badly cut."

"So? Then he got to close quarters with some Spaniard?"

"Oh no!" The colonel grinned. "He was in too great a hurry and broke open a show-case with his fist."

The retreating Cubans still maintained their uproar, discharging their rifles into the air, shrieking defiance at their invisible foes, and voicing insulting invitations to combat. This ferocity, however, served only to terrify further the civil population and to close the shutters of San Antonio the tighter.

Meanwhile, the loyal troops remained safely in their blockhouses, pouring a steady fire into the town. And despite this admirable display of courage the visitors showed a deep respect for their enemies' marksmanship, taking advantage of whatever shelter there was.

The raiders had approached San Antonio de los Banos across the fields at the rear, but Colonel Lopez led their retreat by way of the camino real which followed the river bank. This road for a short distance was exposed to the fire from one port; then it was sheltered by a bit of rising ground.

O'Reilly, among the last to cross the zone of fire, was just congratulating himself upon the fortunate outcome of the skirmish when he saw Colonel Lopez ride to the crest of a knoll, rise in his stirrups and, lifting his cupped hands to his lips, direct a loud shout back toward the town. Lopez was followed by several of his men, who likewise began to yell and to wave their arms excitedly.

Johnnie turned to discover that Leslie Branch had lagged far behind, and now, as if to cap his fantastic performance, had dismounted and was descending the river bank to a place where a large washing had been spread upon the stones to dry. He was quite exposed, and a spiteful crackle from the nearest blockhouse showed that the Spaniards were determined to bring him down. Mauder bullets ricocheted among the rocks—even from this distance their sharp explosions were audible—others broke the surface of the stream into little keysers, as if a school of fish were leaping.

When Johnnie looked on in breathless apprehension Branch appropriated several suits that promised to fit him; then he climbed up the bank, remounted his horse, and ambled slowly out of range.

Now this was precisely the sort of harebrained exploit which delights a Cuban audience. When Leslie rejoined his comrades, therefore, he was greeted with shouts and cheers. "Caramba! He would risk his life for a clean shirt. . . . There's a fellow for you! He enjoys the hum of these Spanish bees! . . . Bravo! Tell us what the bullets said to you," they cried, crowding around him in an admiring circle.

O'Reilly, unable to contain himself, burst forth in a rage: "Lopez ought to court-martial you."

Infuriated, he rode over to where Captain Judson was engaged in making a litter upon which to carry the sick prisoner they had rescued from the jail. "This chap here is all in," said Judson. "I'm afraid we aren't going to get him through."

Following Judson's glance, O'Reilly beheld an emaciated figure lying in the shade of a nearby guava bush. The man was clad in filthy rags, his face was dirty and overgrown with a month's beard; a pair of restless eyes stared unblinkingly at the brazen sky. His lips were moving; from them issued a steady patter of words, but otherwise he showed no sign of life.

"You said he was starving," Johnnie dismounted and lent Judson a hand with his task.

"That's what I thought at first, but he's sick. I suppose it's that infernal diphtheria fever. We can swing him between our horses, and—"

Judson looked up to discover that Johnnie was poised rigidly, his mouth open, his hands halted in midair. The sick man's voice had risen, and O'Reilly, with a peculiar expression of amazement upon his face, was straining his ears to hear what he said.

"Eh? What's the matter?" Judson inquired.

For a moment O'Reilly remained frozen in his attitude, then without a word he strode to the sufferer. He bent



"Esteban! This is O'Reilly!" forward, starting into the vacant, upturned face. A cry burst from his throat, a cry that was like a sob, and, kneeling, he gathered the frail, filthy figure into his arms.

"Esteban!" he cried. "Esteban! This is O'Reilly. O'Reilly! Don't you know me? O'Reilly, your friend, your brother! For God's sake, tell me what they've done to you! Look at me, Esteban! Look at me! Look at me! Oh, Esteban!"

Such eagerness, such thankfulness, such passionate pity were in his friend's hoarse voice that Judson drew closer. He noticed that the faintest flame of reason flickered for an instant in the sick man's hollow eyes; then they began to rove again, and the same rustling whisper recommenced. O'Reilly held the boy tenderly in his arms; tears rolled down his cheeks as he implored Esteban to hear and to heed him.

"Try to hear me! Try!" There was fierce agony in the cry. "Where is Rosa? . . . Rosa? . . . You're

safe now; you can tell me. . . . You're safe with O'Reilly. . . . I came back. . . . I came back for you and Rosa. . . . Where is she? Is she—dead?"

Other men were assembling now. The column was ready to move, but Judson signaled to Colonel Lopez and made known the identity of the sick stranger. The colonel came forward swiftly and laid a hand upon O'Reilly's shoulder, saying:

"So! You were right, after all. Esteban Varona didn't die. God must have sent us to San Antonio to deliver him."

"He's sick, sick!" O'Reilly said, huskily. "Those Spaniards! Look what they've done to him." His voice changed. He cried, fiercely: "Well, I'm late again. I'm always just a little bit too late. He'll die before he can tell me—"

"Wait! Take hold of yourself. We'll do all that can be done to save him. Now come, we must be going, or all San Antonio will be upon us."

O'Reilly roused. "Put him in my arms," he ordered. "I'll carry him to camp myself!"

But Lopez shook his head, saying, gently: "It's a long march, and the litter would be better for him. Thank heaven we have an angel of mercy awaiting us, and she will know how to make him well."

When the troop resumed its retreat Esteban Varona lay suspended upon a swinging bed between O'Reilly and Judson's horses. Although they carried him as carefully as they could throughout that long hot journey, he never ceased his babbling and never awoke to his surroundings.

(Continued in next issue.)

## Non-Inflammable Gas Used in Dirigible

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 21.—Airships 1100 feet in length, virtually air battalions capable of carrying an entire battalion of troops, are in prospect in the near future, according to Colonel C. D. F. Chandler, head of the balloon and airship division of the United States Army, who is in St. Louis looking for a site for an air station.

Colonel Chandler was in command of the balloon service in France during the war. He will visit Scott field and Jefferson barracks today to look over proposed aviation sites.

Colonel Chandler said, however, that all airships to be built by the United States will be so made that they can be changed easily into implements of war.

**New Gas Discovered**

"By the use of helium gas, which was perfected by the United States during the war, the airship will be able to discard the airplanes. The new gas is not inflammable and a few bullets from the small guns of the airplane would do the ship no harm. The airship also should carry such heavy armament that no airplane could get close enough to harm it. French airships already have carried and fired 3-inch guns.

## Army Air Service Soon to Collapse

WASHINGTON, July 21.—After September 1 the army air service will not have a single flier, Senator Wadsworth, chairman of the military affairs committee, told the senate Friday.

This deplorable condition in the aviation branch of the army, he said, has been brought about by the refusal of congress to allow appropriations large enough to keep the service up to requirements.

All the officers in the flying corps are members of the national army, which has been ordered discharged and demobilized by the secretary of war. There will be but 232 aviation officers left in the service, and these will be needed to carry on administrative work of the department.

## Forest Fires Sweep Montana and Idaho

SPOKANE, Wash., July 19.—Nineteen forest fires are sweeping portions of Western Montana and Northern Idaho early yesterday, menacing several towns, numerous ranches and millions of feet of timber. Forest service officials are recruiting every available man for fighters, fearing a little headway will result in fires as serious as those of 1910.

St. Regis and Alberton, Mont., are in dire danger. Forest service reports are that the flames got beyond control and the towns are threatened from three sides. Strong winds are rapidly increasing the danger and a number of ranches thought safe are now almost certain of destruction. A heavy livestock loss is reported.

## Wire Workers Head Quits in Chicago

CHICAGO, July 21.—President S. J. Koenekamp of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union of America, stated today that he had offered his resignation to the general executive board of the union.

In his letter to the board he stated that it had been his desire for some time to take up the practice of law; that his reason for offering his resignation was purely personal, and his chief regret would be the severance of his harmonious relations with his fellow officers.

## If Germans are Good Troops Soon be Home

LONDON, July 18.—If the Germans are "good" and fulfill the terms of the peace treaty, American forces on the Rhine will be reduced to 50,000 men by November, General Pershing said here Tuesday.

The American generalissimo said there are now four complete American divisions left in Europe. These with attached units total 250,000 men.

## Policies and Personalities

The resignation of Roadmaster Roots was inevitable. His ultimate separation from the payroll of Clackamas county became a foregone conclusion when it appeared that he and Commissioners Proctor and Harris could not work together in harmony.

The general public should not be and probably is not particularly interested in the personalities of its servants, but it is interested in their policies and the success or failure of such policies as may be adopted. The county court is responsible to the people who elected them. The roadmaster is responsible to the county court that appointed him. The public is not interested in their quarrels, if they have any, but is vitally interested in their achievements.

Road making in Clackamas county has taken a decisive step forward during the incumbency of Mr. Roots. Several miles of hard surface pavement have been laid and this pavement appears to be carrying a heavy burden of traffic satisfactorily. Mr. Roots is entitled to some credit for having established an efficient working organization for paving operations. He contends that the county court, or the two commissioners forming a majority of the court, have hampered his efforts, and he has indicated that he is entitled to the same free hand that he had before Mr. Harris became a member of the court. Upon this rock the roadmaster's resignation followed.

The court must now look to the future. They must select a new roadmaster, and the correct policy should be to appoint a man in whom they have confidence. Any man, with sufficient energy and breadth of vision to handle 1500 miles of county roads successfully, will insist upon a reasonably free hand, at least as to details. The people are clamoring for more roads and for better roads and they will be satisfied only with the most forward and progressive policy that can be formulated. Any return to the antiquated and costly methods of handling road money in vogue six or seven years ago will not be tolerated.

Our own suggestion would be to employ an efficient roadmaster, pay him what he is really worth, even if the amount appears large, and then map out policies for him to follow and give him his head. No other plan, in our judgment, will be more than a temporary success.

## SCOTTS MILLS MAN HAS MANY EXPERIENCES

Bert B. Bird, of Scotts Mills, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bird, of that place, was in Oregon City Friday in company with his father.

Bert Bird has just returned from over-seas' service, having gone through some of the thickest fighting in France. He answered his country's call March 25, 1917, and was first stationed in Southern Oregon, where he served in guarding tunnels and railroad bridges. He left Camp Withycombe at Clackamas Station for Camp Green, North Carolina, in September under Colonel May, and the latter part of November with the Third Oregon left for Camp Mills, being a member of Company I, Third Oregon, and on December 12 left for France, arriving in Liverpool, England, on Christmas Day, a day that he will long remember.

On January 1, 1918, Bird arrived at La Havre, France, and after being stationed there for a week was transferred to Tours, where he did military police work. From Tours he went to Contres, France, and was there transferred from Company I, 162nd Infantry, and later to the 23rd Infantry, then leaving for the front.

While at the front he was first sergeant in Company M, 23rd Infantry. On June 15, 1918, he was knocked down by concussion of high explosives from the German artillery, and received a small piece of shrapnel in the left hand, but stayed with the fight. On the last day of June, 1918, with his company he moved down to attack Yaux village, which was lined heavily with machine guns along the Paris-Metz road, and he was in command of the fourth platoon in this attack, and during one of the big attacks he received a machine gun bullet in the bone of the right heel. He was confined in the hospital for two months, July and August, at Montpoint, Base Hospital 3. In August he went to Blois, and from there to Neuve Chapelle, where he was assigned to Veterinary Hospital No. 6. At this hospital the United States horses were cared for. These were either suffering from gas, some wounded and others worn out by being used in battle. The average death rate of these horses was 18 per day for two weeks.

Sergeant Bird has seven medals for serving in the United States Army. Among these is a medal for marksmanship, expert rifleman, best score company medal, Class B, and another for five years' service. He was among those to go to the Mexican border, and has to his credit 13 years and five days' service in the army, having served in the Oregon National Guard for some time.

Sergeant Bird speaks highly of the work the Red Cross has done for the soldiers overseas, as well as the members of the organization in the United States.

Sergeant Bird was among those to go to England on the Tuscania, this being the last trip before the fatal trip in which she was sunk, and returned on the Princess Matoka, a former German vessel, coming home with a casual company.

## Whale-like Salmon Snared in Columbia

PORTLAND, July 18.—How would you like to snare a Royal Chinook salmon weighing 82 pounds and closely resembling a whale in size?

This is what was done in the Columbia Saturday by seiners fishing for salmon for the Pillar Rock Packing company, owned by Everding & Farrell, of this city. The feat is vouched for by Harry Spurlock, grain and feed buyer for the firm.

## Airplane Landing Site Is Considered

PORTLAND, July 18.—The matter of obtaining a permanent landing field for use by the Aero Club of Oregon is now under consideration by Commissioner Pier, representing the city council, and J. O. Elrod, representing the aero club. No locations have as yet been decided upon.

## ONE-PIECE BATHING SUITS ARE SUFFICIENT

CHICAGO, July 18.—The girls don't need to wear buffalo robes when they go down to the Chicago beaches to swim, Chief of Police Garrity said today.

The one-piece bathing suit has the chief's sanction. Furthermore, it need not be accompanied by stockinged feet.

"The women, as well as men, need free action of their limbs while swimming," Chief Garrity said. "They go down to the lake to get wet, don't they? And the beaches were made for swimming, weren't they, for girls as well as men? Well, then, why shouldn't a girl wear a one-piece bathing suit?"

The chief fails to see what protection, morally or otherwise, is afforded by stockings. The great majority of the girls who go down to the beach, he says, work during the day and need recreation at night.

## Astoria Loading Is Tied Up By Strike

ASTORIA, July 18.—All shipping from the Astoria waterfront is tied up because of the longshoremen's strike. There is no grain handler's union in Astoria so when the controversy over the wages to be paid grain handlers arose, the whole longshoremen's union, which includes the grain handlers, refused to work. At the Port of Astoria this morning, the West Inlay, a steel steamer sent here by the grain corporation to load a cargo of bulk grain from the port's wheat storage tanks, is lying idle waiting to be loaded. Not only is it impossible to load the ships with grain, but it is impossible to load it with any cargo from this port for no longshoremen will work here.

After a long conference with R. R. Bartlett, manager of the Port of Astoria, union men and shippers failed to reach an agreement. The grain handlers wish to be classed as warehousemen, and receive 80 cents instead of 75 cents per hour for their work.

## Mystery Man Claims Harry New Innocent

LOS ANGELES, Cal., July 19.—Declaring that he, and not Harry New, alleged son of United States Senator Harry S. New, of Indiana, has slain beautiful Frieda Lesser, New's sweetheart, on their wedding eve, July 4, a mystery man yesterday mailed New's attorney, John L. Richardson, a letter in which he announced he was on his way to the ocean to commit suicide and wished to exonerate the confessed slayer of the Lesser girl.

"I killed her because I loved her," wrote the man who signed his name as "W. B. Wilson." "I could not bear to see her wed another, so I took her life, knowing the crime would be blamed on Harry New."

The letter was immediately turned over to detectives, who are seeking to trace its writer.

## Faulty Equipment Threatens Town

MEDFORD, July 19.—The town of Jacksonville, one of the oldest in Oregon, was in a fair way to be wiped out by fire late Wednesday afternoon, and would have gone up in flames but for the assistance of Fire Chief Lawton and a member of the Medford fire department, who arrived after four houses and a barn had been burned and a dozen other houses had caught fire from flying sparks. They took a reserve hose truck and a hundreds of feet of good hose.

The fire started after Street Commissioner Chris Ulrich had burned the grass along Oregon street, back of the city hall, and gone away, thinking everything was safe.

## Idaho Fruit Trees Bloom Second Time

MOSCOW, Idaho, July 19.—Fruit trees covered with new leaves and heavily loaded with blossoms is a freak never before known here at this time of the year. Reports of such orchards come from the country to the northwest of Moscow which was swept by a hailstorm several weeks ago. The storm stripped the trees of leaves and left them utterly devoid of foliage. Many limbs were broken. Berry bushes were stripped of fruit and foliage.

J. P. Wedan, whose farm was in the storm-swept area, reports his fruit trees, as well as those of his neighbors, are now covered with new leaves and with blossoms almost as thick on the trees as last spring.

## Presbyterians at Synod Name Officers

EUGENE, Or., July 18.—Following election of officers and attention to other business on Tuesday, the Oregon State Presbyterian synod began the session yesterday, which will be continued until the last day of the session on July 23. The meetings, which are being held at the University of Oregon, will be dismissed Monday, when William Jennings Bryan speaks at the Chautauque. The officers elected at the opening meeting Tuesday afternoon are: Rev. L. Myron Booser, Medford, moderator; Rev. E. Percy Lawrence, of Klamath Falls, temporary clerk; Rev. Boudnot Seeley, of Portland, reporting clerk; Dr. John H. Townsend, of Portland, stated clerk.

## Murdered Woman From Milwaukie

PORTLAND, July 18.—Relatives of Mrs. Al Harris, who was murdered Monday morning at 417 Bristol street by her husband, have removed her body from the county morgue to an undertaker's parlor, but have made no arrangements concerning Mrs. Harris' burial, the coroner announced Wednesday. The coroner said he would have to bury the body and collect from the estate unless action is taken soon. A. L. Roadmaster, of Milwaukie, father of the murdered woman, took charge of the children and the home. Disposition of the children and of property valued at \$7000, will be decided by the courts.

## FOREST GROVE HAS MOST DISASTROUS FIRE IN HISTORY

FOREST GROVE, July 21.—The most disastrous fire in the history of the city occurred here yesterday afternoon, burning a block of business houses, the Congregational church and two dwelling houses. The loss is estimated at more than \$50,000. The fire started, supposedly, in the rear of the secondhand store of O. M. Sanford, on North Main street, but the cause is unknown. This building was a wooden structure and in a few minutes was burning fiercely.

A brisk northwest wind was blowing and the fire leaped over to the Oddfellows' building on the same street. From there it spread to a number of wooden buildings on First avenue North and to the public library and Taylor Brothers' garage, both brick buildings. Heroic efforts were made to save the Congregational church, across from the library, but the flames soon ignited the roof and the building was doomed. One fireman was overcome with smoke.

## ADVANCES FAR DURING ENLISTMENT PERIOD; MANY COUNTRIES SEEN

Lieutenant C. L. St. Clair, who has been in the Marine service since August, 1917, returned to his home in Oregon City Friday evening. Lieutenant Commander St. Clair has visited many places since leaving Oregon City, and recounts many interesting experiences, which will be related in the Enterprise this week. He has been on the U. S. S. Invincible, Saco and Salvation Lass, all three ships of which were recently constructed. Since leaving here he has gone through the Panama Canal, and visited London, England, Brest, France, and into Germany through the Kiel Canal and to Russia, but says there is no place like home.

At the time of entering the service Lieutenant St. Clair was engineer for the Crown Willamette Paper Company.

## GERMAN SOLDIERS ATTEMPT MURDER OF AMERICAN OFFICER

COBLENZ, July 18.—Two Germans attempted last night to assassinate Major George Cockriel, provost marshal of the American forces in Germany. The major was not injured. The Germans escaped after firing several shots.

Major Cockriel's home is in St. Paul, Minn.

## Why Cover Up the Beautiful With Sox

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 18.—Women's legs are beautiful. Men's legs are not.

So why compel women bathers to cover theirs and allow men freedom of the knees?

Thus Colonel Dinshah Ghadial, a native of India, but an American citizen, summed up his criticism of the Atlantic City ordinance requiring women bathers to wear stockings. He was speaking at the convention of the National Association of Druggists Physicians.

"Why should women be compelled by an immoral, un-American and inhumane law to cover their beautiful limbs?" he asked.

"What is the difference between a woman's foot and a man's foot? Why not make men wear long stockings and put trousers on horses? If Atlantic City would be truly moral, it would tell women to discard their clothing or don trousers."

## BEAVERTON HAS MAD DOG SCARE

BEAVERTON, July 17.—A fine bird dog, "Duke," belonging to W. E. Squiers, which had been acting queerly for several days, Tuesday manifested symptoms of rabies, running down the street frothing at the mouth and frightening pedestrians. In the yard of Joseph Corvett it fell into an excavation. Squiers was notified and lowered a ladder into the hole. When he descended to put a sack over the dog's head the animal plunged at him. Pete Van De Hey shot the dog.

## MAN REPORTED DEAD BELIEVED ALIVE

ALBANY, July 17.—That Ralph D. Hinds was not accidentally drowned in the Willamette river is now the belief of Sheriff Kendall, following receipt of a message from police officers that Hinds had been seen and recognized there by two men who knew him and knew of his disappearance, and by another person who identified him for the police.

Hinds left his home near Peoria and went to Corvallis for a load of lime. Upon his failure to return, search was made and his car was discovered in a clump of bushes, where his clothes were found neatly placed on the ground as if he had gone bathing. Tracks of bare feet led to the water's edge. The river has been dragged and dynamited.

Other information has been received recently by the sheriff, indicating that Hinds did not perish in the river but purposely left apparent evidence of death.

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